DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 342 184 EC 300 943

AUTHOR Cylke, Frank Kurt, Ed.
TITLE Horses: An Introduction to Horses: Racing, Ranching, and Riding for Blind and Physically Handicapped Individuals.
INSTITUTION Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. National Library Service for the Blind and Physically Handicapped.
REPORT NO ISBN-0-8444-0664-3
PUB DATE 91
NOTE 29p.; For other documents in the Leisure Pursuit Series see, ED 310 615, ED 311 641, ED 320 313, and EC 300 944.
AVAILABLE FROM Horses, CMLS, P.O. Box 9150, Melbourne, FL 32902-9150 (free for blind or handicapped).
PUB TYPE Reference Materials - Bibliographies (131)

EDRS PRICE MF01/PC02 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS Adults; Animal Husbandry; Athletics; Audiodisks; Audiotape Cassettes; *Blindness; Braille; Children; Elementary Education; Fiction; *Horseback Riding; *Horses; Nonfiction; Outdoor Activities; Physical Disabilities; Recreational Activities; Visual Impairments
IDENTIFIERS *National Library Service for the Blind

ABSTRACT

This annotated bibliography of materials focuses on horses, racing, ranching, and riding. Two articles are presented in full. They are: "Diary of a Blind Horseman: Confidence Springs from a Horse Named Sun" (Richard Vice and Steve Stone) and "Young Rider: Her Horses Show the Way" (Helen Mason). Each article tells the true story of a blind person's experience with horses. Material listings are then presented separately for adults and children. Material for adults falls under the following categories: nonfiction discs (7); and nonfiction cassettes (3). Material for children is under the following categories: nonfiction discs (3); nonfiction cassettes (6); fiction cassettes (1); braille nonfiction (5); and braille fiction (1). Also listed are: nonfiction cassettes available from the Kentucky, Nebraska, and Washington regional libraries; print materials including three books and six journal articles; and a list of five organizations. An index (by format) and an order form are provided. (DB)

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HORSES

An Introduction to Horses: Racing, Ranching, and Riding for Blind and Physically Handicapped Individuals

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Leisure Pursuit Series

Birding	**1987**	ISBN 0-8444-0659-7
Fishing	**1988**	ISBN 0-8444-0660-0
Swimming	**1989**	ISBN 0-8444-0661-9
Sailing	**1990**	ISBN 0-8444-0662-7
Horses	**1991**	ISBN 0-8444-0664-3

Inspired by and dedicated to Professor Antun Lastric, Union of the Blind of Croatia, who devoted his professional efforts to encouraging participation in leisure pursuits by blind and physically handicapped individuals.

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Introduction

For the past ten thousand years men, women, and horses have coexisted with varying relationships bearing varying benefits. The herding and breeding of horses for food in the Dnieper River region of the Ukraine in 3000 B.C. was the first recorded example of their domestication. After that somewhat distasteful thought there followed the breeding of specialized horses and ponies. Indeed, in 1400 B.C. a Hittite text by Kikkulis details the training of horses. While this information may be inspiring to some, to others it may simply be dull background and experiencing a ride or drive the only real thrill to knowing horses.

Before rushing out to arrange for riding lessons, a bit of background reading is appropriate. One should learn about the history and care of light and heavy horses and the ponies that grow to less than 58 inches and weigh less than 800 pounds. Indeed, it should be interesting to read about Al Borak, who carried Muhammad from earth to the seventh heaven, or Xanthus, the horse with an ability for predicting the future.

It has always been my habit to read a bit about a possible outdoor adventure before actually participating in it. For me the transition from ease to action has thus been a bit easier than it otherwise might have been. I urge horse lovers and those who believe they may be such to select a book or two, settle back, and read about the possibilities in ranching, riding, racing, or jumping. All these possibilities offer many hours of enjoyment.

After reading a bit perhaps you will rise from your supine position and "Grab a chance"—go to the nearest stable and join the millions of enthusiasts who enjoy riding or driving buggies and carts.

Frank Kurt Cylke
Editor

Washington, D.C.
January 1991

Diary of a Blind Horseman: Confidence Springs from a Horse Named Sun

by Richard Vice
as told to Steve Stone

Richard Vice was never your typecast tough-guy cop. Sure, he could be tough when he had to, and he'd been stabbed during a couple of tight jams. And he would never forget the time he pulled a car over for having a defective taillight, only to be met by two men jumping from the car, one pointing a .45 automatic at him and the other wielding a shotgun. "Somehow," he recalls with a trace of amusement only time could provide, "I managed to convince them that wasn't the answer."

Staying cool was the best approach in Carter Lake, Iowa, a small (population 4,500) town caught between two large cities—Council Bluffs to the east and Omaha to the west, the Missouri River that split them serving as the conduit for plenty of drug traffic. There were times, he remembers, when the tough-guy approach could have "gotten somebody hurt."

But all of that was before the bomb explosion that took his sight. It was a sightlessness that, slowly at first, and then more doggedly, chipped away at the foundations of his self-confidence. Life went on: Richard and his wife Vonnie sold their house and moved with their two daughters into an apartment so that Richard could enroll in a pre-law curriculum at a community college nearby. Still, it was a trying period. Before the darkness, there had been horses. Richard was a pretty good hand with them. Now they were gone too, with the sunsets and the Sunday papers.

Gone, that is, until one day in a friend's pasture, when Richard felt, for the first time since his blindness, the rough-coated warmth of a horse, felt the whiskers tickle his hand, heard the soft whickering. This is the story of a man and a horse—a horse who built the bridge that brought a strong man back from the edge of that unnamed place where faith has gone astray.

April 2

Of all the senses, we take sight most for granted. I know that now—the hard way. I'm really getting tired of everyone telling me that I can't do things. They've got me halfway believing them—that I can't go out alone, that I can't navigate in traffic, that I might hurt or embarrass myself.

Even when I'm surrounded by other people in school, I feel alone. Today I confided my feelings to Vonnie and mentioned the idea of getting a horse again. I told her I thought a horse could help me put my fears aside and pull me out of my anxiety. I couldn't believe her reaction: she said, "You just can't sit there for the rest of your life. If a horse is what you want, we'll get you one!"

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Diary of a Blind Horseman

April 4
Today we went to check out a few horses belonging to some friends of ours, Bernie and Brenda Caviness, who live up the road a bit. The whole herd came thundering down from the field when Bernie rang the bell near the barn, and pretty soon they all had their noses in our pockets.

The four-year-old gelding they call Sun is special—I could tell the moment I touched him. I could hear his bare feet shuffling along right behind me, and when I stopped he stopped too, and rested his head on my shoulder. I ran my hands over his body and he swung his head back to nuzzle me. He was still shedding out and his coat felt thick, almost like a shag rug.

I felt myself getting carried away with the idea that perhaps Sun could be mine. Vonnie and I had to hurry to meet the girls coming home from school, but even as we walked silently to the car we sensed that our horseless existence was about to end.

April 5
Tonight the whole family talked it over. A call to Brenda established the asking price—well below what we had thought—and the principal negative: Sun has never been under saddle, not once. Bernie and Brenda had reservations about selling a lively, untrained four-year-old to a person with my handicap, but they must have sensed my determination, because they offered us liberal terms and the option of letting Sun remain in their pasture, seeing as how he won't fit into our apartment. We told Bernie and Brenda we'd sleep on it—but tomorrow we're going to clinch the deal.

April 6
Bernie and Brenda nearly reneged when I told them I planned to break and train Sun myself. But after hurdling that slight obstacle, I got right to work. Putting my hand on Vonnie's shoulder, I established my orientation to the barn: fifteen strides away from the garage, a sharp turn to the left, up a steep hill fourteen paces and then nine more steps to the barn. Turn the corner and there's the bell that calls the horses in from the pasture. I know I've got to keep my bearings straight when I'm on foot, because once on horseback I'll lose that orientation. Sun will be my only guide.

We rang the bell and the horses came gallumping down the hill. After finishing his oats, Sun came right up to me, and as I petted him I could feel him flex under my hands. Then he kind of sighed, and rested his head on my shoulder. I slipped the halter on him. Telling Vonnie to keep an eye on us, I tugged on the lead rope and off we went along the paths through the lower pasture. The path was more like a rut, so it was fairly easy to stay on the track. And anyway, Sun knew the way.

As we walked I suddenly felt a strong pull as my navigator made a big wide turn, and I had no choice but to follow. Then I heard the peals of laughter up the hill; it was Vonnie, laughing at Sun

leading me around a low-hanging tree branch.

April 12
Rain the first half of the week, exams the second half—I finally got to see my horse today. Sun practically poked his head into the halter and off we went on foot to explore the soggy pasture paths, Vonnie keeping an eye on us from afar. Sun's bulky warmth was like an anchor beside me, and I fell into step with his orderly footfalls. He never stepped on me, and later Vonnie swore he guided me around low-hanging tree limbs again. So far things are going perfectly, but the real test will come when I mount up. I weigh 260 now, and he may be less considerate when he finds that out!

April 22
After three more sessions on the ground with Sun, I decided to try some of my borrowed tack on him. Evidently he figured the hackamore was just another kind of halter and that the saddle was no special threat because he didn't turn a hair. Unsaddling and resaddling left him entirely unruffled.

I worked the cinch up slowly, giving him plenty of time to get used to the unfamiliar feeling. Normally I would take a couple of days to get a horse used to the tack, but Sun stood so quietly that I simply asked Vonnie to stand at his head and before I knew it, I had swung right into the saddle.

I could feel him bracing himself as I settled into the saddle. Later Vonnie said that just as I sat down he flicked his ears back for a split second, then rotated them forward just as quickly. For a long moment, Sun didn't react, I didn't move, and Vonnie didn't breathe. Then slowly, carefully he craned his neck around to the left, then to the right, and I could feel his muzzle pressing against my boot. I expected a sniff, a snort—something—but Sun merely stood. After a few moments I dismounted and made a big fuss over him. He made no objection as I clambered back into the saddle and out again several times. Quitting on a positive note, I called a halt to the day's training.

April 28
The first time I ask a horse to move forward, I just touch my heels to his side. Usually they'll just walk right off; other times they're not quite sure what you want and stand there as if rooted to the ground. Sun needed a nudge. Vonnie took hold of the reins and asked him to walk forward as I cued him from above. He got the idea right away.

The next time we tried walking off alone, Sun slipped into reverse and went straight backwards. As Vonnie shouted out, I heard the unmistakable snap of an electric spark right about where his tail would be. I swung off, waiting for the stampede. But Sun just jumped forward one quick stride, away from the electric fence. I praised and petted him, then remounted. After a moment, I cued him with a squeeze of the calf muscles and he moved right off.

Diary of a Blind Horseman

April 29
Today we ventured out on our own for the first time. Sun, playing skipper for the both of us, walked calmly, confidently, his hooves striking in cadence, almost like an experienced saddle horse. For about five glorious minutes he picked his way along the pasture paths, then turned and walked back to the barn. As I unsaddled him and gave him his oats, Vonnie heaved a very audible sigh of relief. I really didn't know what all the fuss was about. Sun takes care of me.

May 3
This morning when I called the horses down to the barn, Sun wouldn't come near me. When I approached him, he shied away. Vonnie had no explanation, and I was baffled.

Brenda came out to watch our "progress" and soon spotted the problem: my new reflective glasses. Eyeing them warily, Sun kept his distance from me.

As Brenda and Vonnie put him in a stall with a measure of oats, I removed the offending optics and put them in a pocket. We went into the house for a cup of coffee, and when we returned our meeting was like old home week. What a relief!

I decided to put off riding for today, though, so we can make a fresh start next time around.

May 14
The last few sessions, Sun and I went all over the pasture dozens of times until we were thoroughly bored. He handles my weight easily, even on the steep inclines, but it's really asking too much of a green four-year-old to lug all this around, so I'm starting on a diet. I hope he will appreciate the sacrifices I'm about to make!

We're both ready for some new trails, but we must ride along the shoulder of a paved road for about a half mile to get there. We set out, Vonnie walking in front, Sun and I clip-clopping behind her. He ignored the three cars that drove past, and soon we came to a gravelly spot in the road near the entrance to the riding trails. We walked and trotted along the trail a ways and I could hear Sun sniffing all the new scents; there seemed to be an extra lilt to his stride, too. I wanted to keep exploring, but we grudgingly turned for home at foot-weary Vonnie's insistence.

May 17
Brenda has visitors today, so I thought I'd show off a little. As the three horses trooped into the barn for oats, I ran my hands over each one, and when I located Sun, who was last into the barn, I said, "This one is Sun." They were flabbergasted.

Actually, it's a simple parlor trick. Of course, I already knew from Vonnie that Sun is a bright red chestnut with a wide blaze and high stockings, while the other two have practically no white. On a warm sunny day, the colored part of a horse's coat actually feels warmer, while the white markings feel cooler. So it was

no trouble at all to pick Sun out of the bunch.

When we took him onto the road, he acted as though he'd been doing it for years. We'll be ready to solo soon.

May 23
After two more "guided tours" along College Road, I felt we were ready to go it alone. Vonnie said she watched with her heart in her throat as we set off down the road. But Sun walked way around an overhanging limb on the other side of the road, and about fifty yards down the road he did it again. Vonnie went back to Brenda's to chew her nails 'til we got back.

I just gave Sun his head. He hesitated for a moment at the gravelly place, but I squeezed him forward. He clomped along for a while, then paused, turned around and trudged home, ignoring the motorcycle that zroomed past us at full tilt.

Everyone should have the experience of riding "blind," by going out blindfolded, with a sighted rider along as a guide, for a couple of miles. They'll feel things they might have missed, and they'd be surprised at the trust they would soon place in their horse. You and the horse become almost as one.

June 4
In celebration of my weight dropping down to 240, Bernie and I took our first real cross-country ride. Sun negotiated the steep rocky hills with surprising ease. I put him to the test in some heavy brush; Bernie and his horse got all tangled up in it and were ready to turn back. I just dropped the reins and Sun took us right through. He can take me places others can't find.

June 30
Went riding today with neighbor Bruce and a mare he recently leased. We must have covered seven or eight miles, mostly at a walk with occasional trotting on soft level ground. We rode along a crunchy rock railroad bed, along the edge of a rustling cornfield, down a short stretch of ouchy gravel, and then home on the asphalt road. Some of the time Sun and I followed, some of the time we led. The horse is getting so good in the hackamore that I'll be switching him to the bit before long.

July 9
Hot and muggy, but Bruce and I have been riding almost every day. I'm down to 220 now—don't know if I can lose much more. Sun and I are both beginning to toughen up a bit; at least the arthritis in my hips and shoulders doesn't seem as bad as it used to. And the muscles in my back must be getting stronger because those two old fractures have almost stopped their nagging.

July 31
Lost a few riding days when Sun developed some bare spots along both sides of his spine where the saddle rubbed. He's okay now, but I'm using a denser saddle pad and increasing his feed a bit. Under saddle he's his same old

self, full of spunk yet quiet and mannerly. I think I'll put him in the bit next time out, seeing as how he's about "finished" in the hackamore: he reins whisper-soft, stops on a hint, and doesn't get rattled if I make a miscue.

August 10
The summer seems to be flying by; if things continue to go well, I'm planning to enter Sun in a competitive trail ride this fall. But listen to this: the Nebraska Arabian Horse Association invited Sun and me to make a special guest appearance at the state fair show in early September. On television! I have to laugh now when I think about the days when I was afraid to walk out of the apartment alone. The fair should be a piece of cake; I know Sun can do it. If I stay calm, he'll never go wrong.

August 31
Only four days to the state fair show. Everything's in order: Sun's working well in the bit and a friend has loaned me a nice western saddle and flashy Navajo blanket. I'm managing to ignore the apprehensions swirling around me—you know, that Sun is green and that he could "blow up" in front of the audience. Some horses might, but not Sun. I have complete faith in him, right down the line.

September 4
We arrived at the fairgrounds in good time, cleared security, and let Sun into the arena during supper break for a fast tour. The arena was freshly disked, quiet and empty. Sun was on his toes, feather-light on the end of the shank as we poked around the ring for about five minutes. There wasn't time to get nervous—we were called to a videotaping session right away. Things started happening fast: we were asked to be the opening number on the live telecast! Sun was ready, I was ready, and before we knew it we were being led into the ring.

We must have been quite a sight—the bright copper chestnut horse with high white trotting boldly, a large man dressed in faded jeans and rumpled flannel shirt sitting deep in the saddle. As the announcer read a spiel about us, I eased Sun into a smooth, long-striding canter; I could feel the crowd warming up to us. I reined him to a stop and rocked him over on his hocks into an easy 360-degree spin, then loped him down to the other end of the ring and did it again. This was fun!

Epilogue
There's been a big hullaballoo over Sun and me, but really, we're pretty much like any other horse and rider. I think the difference between our relationship and others is that I don't try to dominate him—all of that master-servant stuff doesn't apply here. I don't try to control him; it's up to him to lead. I've had to learn to put complete faith in my horse.

If a horse senses that you are nervous or afraid, he'll pick up on it right away. If you're scared of something, he figures he'd better be scared, too. If the rider expects the horse to do something stupid,

he'll probably do it. I'm often asked if a sighted person can develop this special sense of confidence with a horse; I just don't know. A sighted person, I've come to believe, never really learns to trust his horse. He seldom asks his horse to make a decision for him: he tells him where to go, at what speed, even how to put his feet down. A horse can get a sense of security from you, too. If more horsemen would have enough confidence in their horses—and in themselves—to let them take the lead once in a while, I think they'd get a whole lot more out of them.

We're still planning to enter that competitive trail ride this spring, and now I've got another goal: the Tevis Cup. That's about the toughest ride you can go on. At the moment, I'm vitally involved with trying to establish a riding camp for blind children. I can't forget how I felt when a mother brought her blind teenage son to talk to me after our state fair appearance. He loves horses, and I told him that if he doesn't want to live without them, he doesn't have to.

Finals are coming up, and next year I'm going to apply to law school. Vonnie wants to stay around here, but I'm voting for a move to a warmer climate. Wherever we end up, Sun's going along. I gave up horses one time, and I don't intend to do it again. Sun was the best thing that ever happened to me; he gave me the independence I needed. Now I go out looking for a challenge, and the tougher the situation, the more I fight. I feel very lucky.

Discs Nonfiction

A Girl and Five Brave Horses
TB 3547
by Sonora Carver
A daring young woman whose unusual profession consists of diving on horseback from a high tower into a tank is blinded in an unfortunate dive. Mastering her affliction, she continues her daredevil act with her audience unaware that she cannot see.

Races to the Swift: Great Stories of the Turf TB 2289
by Fairfax Davis Downey
Varied collection of stories about horse racing.

Horse Tradin' TB 1792
by Ben K. Green
An old-timer reminisces about his adventures as cowman and trader, describing horses and mules he handled and his various maneuvers during trading transactions.

The Last Trail Drive through Downtown Dallas TB 4328
by Ben K. Green
A horse-trader and veterinarian recaptures his boyhood adventures. After he collected his savings, he headed for a Texas ranch, bought 120 horses at $7 each, and sold them at a great profit on the way home.

Horses, History, and Havoc: Through the Ages with Hoof in Mouth
TB 3058
by Elinor Goulding Smith
Discusses the horse's place in history; relates horse legends; and covers the development of bits, bridles, saddles, and harnesses and how changes in equipment affect the behavior of horses.

And Miles to Go: The Biography of a Great Arabian Horse, Witez II
TB 2386
by Linell Nash Smith
The life of Witez II, a champion Arabian horse, is a graphic account of events in Poland during World War II. The horse was included in the war spoils and sent to the United States where he fostered a dynasty of famous show horses.

Green Broke RD 19010
by Carrie Young
A humorous account of the author's transformation from suburban homemaker to accomplished pony farmer in only twenty years. She describes the reeducation of her city family, the spirited animals they have raised and housed, and the gutsy rural characters who come and go on the farm.

Cassettes Nonfiction

Sports for the Handicapped RC 18776
by Anne Allen
Capsule sketches of individual athletes illustrate the range of recreational activities and sports available for the enjoyment of disabled people. Includes swimming, skiing, track and field, football, horseback riding, and wheelchair basketball. Also lists organizations devoted to sports for the disabled.

Horses and Horsemanship RC 27633
by M. Eugene Ensminger
This guide to horses and horsemanship includes information on the horse industry—selecting and judging horses; types, classes, and breeds of horses; horsemanship; and the business aspects of horse production—and a glossary of horse terms.

Horses: Their Selection, Care, and Handling RC 27744
by Margaret Cabell Self
Describes the more familiar breeds of horses found in this country, their characteristics, and their uses. Also discusses feeding, grooming, and general care of horses.

Young Rider: Her Horses Show the Way

Nancy Hatch is legally blind, but she doesn't live in darkness. This young Canadian horsewoman finds light and hope in horses.

by Helen Mason

Twenty-year-old Nancy Hatch of Canada's Mt. Albert, Ontario, is one example of how personal courage, coupled with assistance from family members, can help overcome a handicap.

Nancy was born with cataracts. Despite several operations and contact lenses, she has only 10 percent vision. In most cases, a sight impairment of this magnitude would prevent most kinds of horseback riding, but Nancy is no ordinary young woman. Nancy not only rides and trains, she has also shown hunters and jumpers throughout southern Ontario.

Nancy first started riding eight years ago when her family moved to a small acreage just north of Toronto. She had her heart set on having a horse, and she begged and pleaded until her parents agreed to give her lessons and bought her a horse (she now cares for fourteen).

But after a few years, riding on the flat began to bore Nancy, who by then had started jumping—first in the field at home and later at schooling shows. By 1978, Nancy was regularly placing in hunt seat equitation classes.

She says much of her success is due to her horses: Crazy Bay Venus (a mare her brother trained) and Sir Fenn (Lady Venus's son whom Nancy raised and trained).

Since Nancy can't see the jumps until she's within fifteen to twenty feet, her horses have had to learn to be handy. "My horses are used to sudden changes in direction," she says.

Nancy finds jumping classes particularly satisfying because she's treated like any other rider. "Sometimes handicapped people are given special privileges," she explains. "But in jumping, it's different. Your horse either goes over the jump or he doesn't. With jumping, I found something I could compete equally in, and not have advantages given me. No one gave me special privileges because I couldn't see."

Blindness has forced Nancy to develop her other senses. Nancy has good balance, and can feel what a horse is doing. "When I was learning diagonals, I could never look down to see if I was right. I had to go by balance and feeling," she explains. This necessity has given her a good pair of hands that many judges have noticed and complimented her on.

Nancy says much of her success is the result of a strong grounding in dressage. "My instructors told me when my position was right or wrong, and I remembered how it felt."

Before each jumping class, Nancy and her brother Grant walk the course, dis-

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cussing difficult turns and memorizing the terrain. (Grant is an accomplished rider who was the 1977 CHSA Large Pony Jumper Champion.) But at one show, the hunt seat equitation class began before Nancy had a chance to walk the course. "Go through the gate and straight ahead until you see a fence," her father told her. "Turn right. You'll see the jumps when you get to them." And he outlined the course using trees, directions, and fencelines.

Nancy jumped the course and placed fifth, giving her a first, third, and two fifths for the day. "I didn't know what was on the other side of the ring until I got there," she later commented.

Nancy has some humorous stories to tell about the problems she's run into because of her lack of sight. At one show, she almost ran into the judge and ring steward before she realized she was off course. And she's never sure when the judge is looking at her. "She always seems to correct her horse right in front of the judge," laughs her father.

Since she's never certain whether or not the judge is looking, Nancy seldom knows when to salute him when she's competing in hunter classes. "Sometimes my brother leans over the fence and says, 'Now!'"

Much of the family routine revolves around Nancy's show schedule and the family's Sandstream Stables. Her father drives both her and her brother to shows and clinics; he built the family stable, and frequently spends long hours remodeling when a new horse is expected.

For the most part, it's Nancy who cares for the fourteen horses the family owns. She feeds and grooms daily, and during breeding season, Nancy books mares to her stallion and cares for the foals. She also trains the young horses, keeps her older mounts in condition, and occasionally schools a neighbor's spoiled mount.

Nancy says she began to show as a way of proving herself. "I always thought Grant was doing better than I was," she says. "I thought winning was all important, but now I'm satisfied when my horse and I are achieving what feels good and when we're working together."

Because of this change in attitude, Nancy's main interest has turned to training.

The silhouette of a longeing horse is enough to tell her whether the animal is

Photo by Helen Mason

Nancy Hatch does more than just compete; she often wins.

relaxed, and she can feel the tension come off the longe line when the horse's gait changes.

When riding a young horse, she says, "It's easier to teach balance because when you're working with your hands and legs, you can tell whether the horse is on the forehand, backhand, or behind the bit."

Because she's blind, Nancy has had to learn to feel the horse's position. She thinks that because of this, she has an increased sensitivity to what a horse is doing.

She can sense a horse's disposition by working around him for a short time. A "leave-me-alone" horse, for example, is very rigid and doesn't relax. When she's on this kind of horse, Nancy can't see what his ears are saying, so she's got to listen to his other clues, such as his breathing rate.

Being blind hasn't gotten Nancy the easily trained horses. "It seems I get ones with bad habits, but most problem horses are created by owners who don't set down guidelines. Horses are like kids, and they need to know where they stand, and what the rules are," she says.

When training a spoiled horse, she insists that the owner be present so she can point out the reasons why the horse is acting badly, and show the owner how such behavior can be corrected.

In many instances, Nancy feels she has to show the horse she can outlast him. "Once they find out you're gonna stay out there all day until they behave, most horses will cooperate. It may take a long time the first day, but the second time, they don't want to go through all that hassle again."

Nancy also does a lot of cross-country hacking. "I was getting tired of schooling in the ring," she claims. "In familiar territory, I go out alone. But in strange surroundings, I ride with another rider or two."

Although she's lost her way a couple times, she never scolds her horse. Horses have helped her find the way to happiness.

Photo by Helen Mason

Not content to merely sit a horse at a walk and trot, Nancy likes the challenge of taking a horse over fences.

Books for Children

Discs Nonfiction

The Thoroughbreds RD 9436
by Barbara J. Berry
Traces the history of thoroughbreds and of thoroughbred racing. Covers such famous horses as Lexington, Man O'War, Citation, and Secretariat. For grades 6-9 and older interested readers.

A Horse in Your Backyard? RD 11879
by Virginia Phelps Clemans
Down-to-earth advice on the selection and care of a young person's first horse. For grades 6-9.

Horses: How They Came to Be RD 7064
by Julian May
Describes the evolution of horses. For grades K-3. (In container with *Birds at Night*, by Gans, and two others.)

Cassettes Nonfiction

Ruffian, Queen of the Fillies RC 12353
by Edward Claflin
The story of a magnificent thoroughbred, one of the greatest fillies of all time, and the match race that led to her tragic death. For grades 5-8.

City Horse RC 14157
by Jack Demuth
Depicts the career of Hannon, one of the eighty-three horses of the Mounted Unit of the New York City Police Department. Though high-spirited Hannon earns himself a bad reputation as a rookie, a patient officer who loves him from the start trains him into a fine police horse. For grades 3-6.

The Island Ponies: An Environmental Study of Their Life on Assateague RC 15977
by Barbara Ford
Describes the life of the famous wild ponies on the barrier island of Assateague and the firsthand observations of a scientist who has studied them for the National Park Service. For grades 4-7.

All about Horses RC 14481
by Marguerite Henry
Traces the development of the horse from prehistoric times, showing its importance in the history of man. Also discusses various breeds of horses, the different parts of a horse, and some terms used in connection with horses. For grades 4-7.

Justin Morgan Had a Horse RC 10772
by Marguerite Henry
A hardy little Vermont work horse becomes the sire of the famous breed of Morgan horses and is ridden by President James Monroe. For grades 4-7.

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Covers the development, breeding, training techniques, and physical characteristics of the most popular breed of horse in the world. The quarter horse is uniquely American in origin. This superb animal athlete is prized for its natural talent in working cattle, as well as for its strength, sure-footedness, and gentle disposition. For grades 5-8.

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by Joan Elma Rahn
Account of the impact of the horse, the rat, and the beaver on human history. For grades 6-9.

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A dramatic story based on the life of Rosalind, a great trotting mare, and the boy who becomes her owner and shares in her triumph. For grades 4-7.

Braille Nonfiction

City Horse BR 4156
by Jack Demuth
Depicts the career of Hannon, one of the eighty-three horses of the Mounted Unit of the New York City Police Department. Though high-spirited Hannon earns himself a bad reputation as a rookie, a patient officer who loves him from the start trains him into a fine police horse. For grades 3-6.

Mustangs: Wild Horses of the American West BR 7528
by Jay Featherly
Wild horses have roamed the American West for hundreds of years. They are descendants of tame horses brought to the New World by Spanish explorers. This book describes their habitats, survival instincts, behavior patterns, fights, and playful activities. For grades 4-7.

The Island Ponies: An Environmental Study of Their Life on Assateague BR 4518
by Barbara Ford
Describes the life of the famous wild ponies on the barrier island of Assateague and the firsthand observations of a scientist who has studied them for the National Park Service. For grades 4-7.

Mustang: Wild Spirit of the West
BR 3316
by Marguerite Henry
The story of America's wild mustangs and "Wild Horse Annie," the woman whose battle to save the horses led her from the county courthouse to the White House. For grades 5-8.

Thoroughbred Horses BR 6740
by Dorothy Hinshaw Patent
The history of the thoroughbred horse– the fastest animal alive at running the mile. Bred for speed alone, the modern thoroughbred is beautiful, spirited, and fleet-footed. Although their breeding was accomplished mainly with an eye to racing, thoroughbreds are also used today as polo ponies, jumping horses, and as mounts for the riding event called dressage. For grades 5-8.

Braille Fiction

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by Marguerite Henry
A dramatic story based on the life of Rosalind, a great trotting mare, and the boy who becomes her owner and shares in her triumph. For grades 4-7.

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by Steven G. Crist

Successful Thoroughbred Investment in a Changing Market KY 1712
by Jack Lohman
A basic text for people interested in investing in the horse business.

How to Take Care of Your Horse until the Vet Comes: A Horse Health and First Aid Guide KY 1239
by Herb Marlin
This book is a useful and practical book for the horse owner. It deals specifically with the common ailments of the horse and what to do about them while waiting for the vet. For high school and adult readers.

The Horse World of the Bluegrass KY 1431
by Mary E. Wharton
and Edward L. Bowen
The rolling bluegrass country of Kentucky is the world of the horse—a world of charm and elegance given its own spirited aura by the sporting blood of those who breed and race these splendid animals. Presented here is their story—the great horses and the people whose way of life has been and is conditioned by the horse. For high school and adult readers.

The Classic Racehorse KY 1629
by Peter Willett

Nebraska

Mister, You Got Yourself a Horse: Tales of Old-time Horse Trading RCNE 171
by Roger L. Welsch
A fascinating collection of old-time horse trading tales, read by the author, a well-known Nebraska folklorist. The stories were gathered by workers for the WPA Federal Writers Project in Nebraska in the 1930s and 1940s.

Texas

The Mustangs CBT 3987
by J. Frank Dobie
Texas folklorist, writer, and teacher J. Frank Dobie brought thirty years of experience and considerable research to the writing of this book–the history and the folklore surrounding the wild horse in North America and its social and economic importance. The disappearance of the mustang coincided with the appearance of fences and the end of free land, free water, and free transportation—the end of an era in the history of North America.

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by J. Warren Evans

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McLaren, R.B. **Teaching Show Jumping to Blind Persons.** *Journal of Visual Impairment and Blindness* vol. 73, no. 10, 1979, p. 413.

Cheff Center for the Handicapped
Lida L. McCowan, Executive Director
P.O. Box 368
Augusta, MI 49012
(616) 731-4471

Offers information and technical assistance to handicapped riders and publishes a training manual, *It Is Ability That Counts*, about therapeutic riding for handicapped persons.

National Handicapped Sports and Recreation Association
1145 19th Street, NW, Suite 717
Washington, DC 20036
(301) 652-7505

Develops year-round sports activities at local and national levels for persons with all types of physical disabilities. State and local chapters offer canoeing, golf, horseback riding, river rafting, sailing, scuba diving, snowskiing, tennis, and waterskiing. Sponsors an annual national snowskiing competition. Offers regional teaching clinics for snowskiing; publishes written and audiovisual sports materials.

North American Riding for the Handicapped Association
P.O. Box 33150
Denver, CO 80233
(303) 452-1212

Offers training and certification for riding instructors working with disabled persons; provides therapeutic classes through horseback riding to improve motor development and emotional and psychological well being in physically and mentally disabled children and adults in accredited centers; publishes *NARHA News*, a quarterly newsletter.

United States Cerebral Palsy Athletic Association
34518 Warren Road, Suite 264
Westland, MI 48185
(313) 425-8961

Sponsors competitive participation in archery, boccia, bowling, cycling, cross country, horseback riding, hunting, powerlifting, slalom, soccer, swimming, table tennis, track, and wheelchair team handball at local, regional, national, and international levels for athletes with cerebral palsy, strokes, or closed-head injuries with motor dysfunction; operates youth sports program; conducts educational clinics; maintains a speakers' bureau; publishes a quarterly newsletter, *Update*.

Vinland National Center
Lake Independence
Loretto, MN 55357
(612) 479-3555

Offers a comprehensive program which enables people with disabilities to improve their physical conditioning and develop athletic skills. Programs are open to anyone in the United States with any type of physical handicap. Sessions run from several days to three weeks. A variety of sports and recreational activities are included in the physical fitness program, including horseback riding.

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